AN

EXCLAMATION

Against JULIAN,

Secretary to the Muses;

With the Character of a

LIBELLER.

By a Person of Quality. 1679.

THou Common Shore of this Poetick Town,
Where all our Excrements of Wit are thrown;
For Sonnet, Satyr, Bawdry, Blasphemy,
Are empty'd and disburthen'd all on thee:
The Cholerick wight, untrussing in a rage,
Finds thee, and leaves his load upon thy page.
Thou, *Julian*, (Oh, thou wise *Vespasian* rather!)
Dost from this Dung thy well-pick'd Guineys gather.
All mischief's thine: Transcribing thou wilt stoop
From lofty *Middlesex*, to lowly *Scroop*.
What times are these, when, in that *Hero*'s room
Bow-bending *Cupid* doth with Ballads come,
And little *Ashton* offers to the Bum?
Can two such *Pigmies* such a wight support?
Two such *Tom Thumbs* of *Satyr* in a Court!
Poor *George* grows old; his Muse worn out of fashion;
Hoarsly she sung *Euphelia*'s Lamentation:
Less art thou helpt by *Dryden*'s Bed-rid Age;
That Drone has left his Sting upon the Stage.

Resolve

Resolve me, poor Apostate, this main Doubt;
What hope hast thou to rub this Summer out?
Know, and be thankful then; for Providence,
By me, has sent thee this Intelligence:
A Knight there is, if thou canst gain his Grace,
Known by the Name of the *Hard-favour'd Face*;
For Prowess of the Pen renown'd is he;
From *Don Quixot* descended lineally:
And though, like him, unfortunate he prove,
Undaunted in Attempts of Wit and Love.
Of his unfinish'd Face, what shall I say,
But that 'twas made of *Adam*'s own Red Clay;
That much, much Oker was on it bestow'd?
God's Image 'tis not, but some *Indian* God:
Our Christian Earth can no resemblance bring
But Ware of *Portugal* for such a thing.
Such Carbuncles his fiery Face confess,
As no *Hungarian* Water can redress.
A Face which should he see-But Heav'n was kind,
And, to indulge his Self-love, made him blind.
He dares not stir abroad, for fear to meet
Curses of teeming Women in the street:
The least could happen from that hidious sight,
Is, that they should miscarry with the fright;
Heav'n guard 'em from the likeness of the Knight.
Such is our charming *Strephon*'s outward man:
His inward parts, Let those describe who can;
But, by the monthly flow'rs discharg'd abroad,
'Tis full, brim full of Pastoral and Ode.
Erewhile he honour'd *Bertha* with his flame;
And now, he courts no less *Louvisa*'s Name:
For, when his Passion has been boiling long,
The scum at last boils up into a Song:

And

And sure no mortal creature, at one time,
Was e're so far o'regone with *Love* and Rhyme.
To his dear self of Poetry he talks;
His hands and feet are scanning as he walks:
His squinting look his pangs of Wit accuse:
The very symptoms of a breeding Muse:
And all to gain the great *Louvisa*'s grace;
But never Pen did pimp for such a Face.
There's not a Nymph, in City, Town, or Court,
But *Strephon*'s *Billet Doux*'s have made sport:
Still he Loves on; yet still as sure to miss;
As they who wash an *Æthiop*'s face, or his.
What fate unhappy *Strephon* does attend,
Never to get a Mistress, or a Friend?
Strephon alike both Wits and Fools detest;
Because, like *Æsop*'s Bat, half Bird, half Beast:
For Fools, to Poetry have no pretence;
And common Wit supposes common Sense:
Not quite so low as Fools, nor quite o'top;
But hangs between 'em both, and is a Fop.
His Morals, like his Wit, are motly too:
He keeps from arrant Knave, with much ado;
But Vanity and Lying so prevail, (scale.
That one grain more of each would turn the
He would be more a Villain, had he time;
But he's so wholly taken up with Rhyme,
That he mistakes his Talent: all his care
Is to be thought a Poet, fine, and fair.
Small Beer and Gruel, are his meat and drink;
The Diet he prescribes himself, to think.
Rhyme next his heart he takes at morning peep;
Some Love-Epistles at his hour of sleep:

So,

So, between Elegy and Ode, we see
Strephon is in a course of Poetry.
This is the Man ordain'd to do thee good;
The Pelican, to feed thee with his Blood:
Thy Wit, thy Poet; nay, thy Friend; for he
Is fit to be a Friend to none, but Thee.
Make sure of him, and of his Muse, betimes;
For all his Study is hung round with Rhymes:
Laugh at him, justle him, yet still he writes;
In Rhyme he Challenges, in Rhyme he Fights:
Charg'd with the last, and basest Infamy,
His business is to think what Rhymes to Lye;
Which found, in fury he retorts again.
Strephon's a very Dragon at his Pen:
His Brother murdred, and his Mother whor'd,
his Mistress lost; yet still his Pen's his Sword.

FINIS.